thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure; yea and Ile ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not hee riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come, brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue wee heere?
Did you not tell mee this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, wee will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prince. VVhy, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh; if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prince. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee gra
Ile guild it with the happieſt termes
A retreate is ſoun

Prin. The Trumpet ſounds retreat, t
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of
To ſee what friends are liuing, who

Fal. Ile follow, as they ſay, for rew
God reward him. If I do grow great,
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely, as

The Trumpets ſound, enter the King
Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* V
VVorceſter *and* Verno

King. Thus euer did rebellion finde
Ill-ſpirited W*orceſter*, did not we ſen
Pardon and termes of loue to all of yo
And would'ſt thou turne our offers c
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans tru
Three Knights vpon our party ſlayne
A noble Earle, and many a creature e
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truely
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety v
And I imbrace this fortune patiently
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me

King. Beare *Worceſter* to the death, a
Other offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

Prince. The noble Scot Lord *Dowg*
The fortune of the day turn'd quite fr
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his me
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the
And falling from a hill, he was ſo brui
That the purſuers tooke him. At my
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your
I may diſpoſe of him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22286) LONDON, 1632 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.6.7